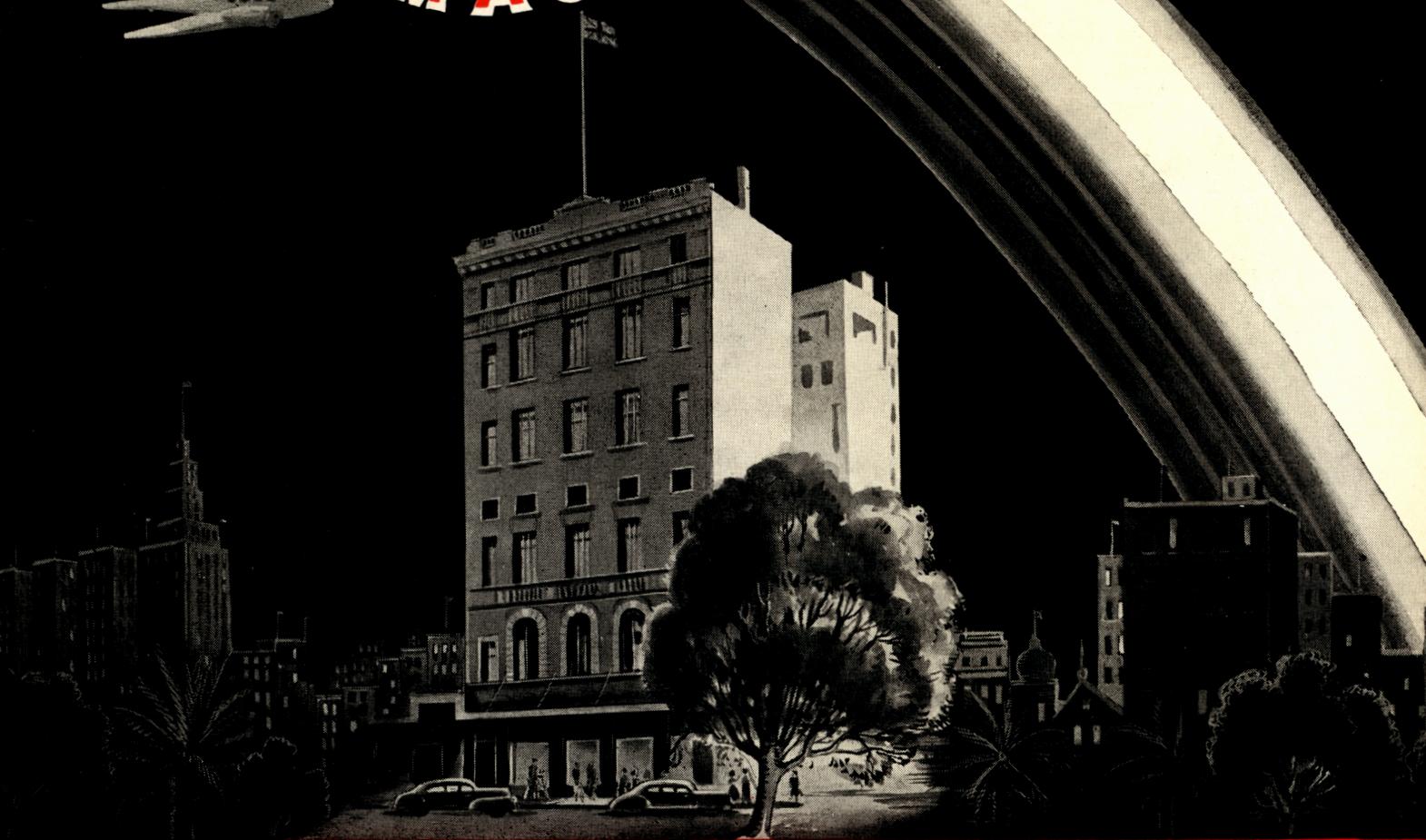


TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

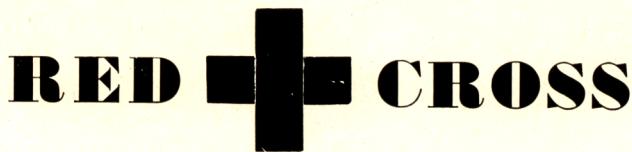


THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 22

SEPTEMBER, 1949

No. 7.



RACE MEETING

To be held on Randwick Racecourse

Saturday, 10th September, 1949

(Date made available by Tattersall's Club)

THE NURSES' NOVICE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race or Mixed Stakes Race as a maiden horse; an Improvers' Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Provided that a winner at time of starting of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

Seven Furlongs.

A.I.F. THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. For Three and Four-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES

(Weight-for-Age, with Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards) A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £1,250 added. Second horse £250, and third horse £125 from the prize. Horses which at time of starting have not won a flat race of the value to the winner of £750, allowed 7lb.; of £1,000, allowed 5lb. Maidens at time of starting allowed: Three-years-olds, 10lb.; four-year-olds, 14lb.; five-year-olds and upwards, 21lb. (No Allowance for Apprentices.)

One Mile and One Furlong.

SPRING HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

One Mile and a Quarter.

RED CROSS HIGHWEIGHT HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September, 1949; with £750 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 8st. 7lb. Six Furlongs.

CONDITIONS

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the A.J.C., Sydney; V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 3 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 29th August. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram, the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared not later than 10 a.m. on Monday, 5th September, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, A.J.C., Sydney, only, at 12 noon on Thursday, 8th September.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

PENALTIES.—In all handicap races, a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division; Special Weight Races excepted.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

GEO. T. ROWE
M. D. J. DAWSON } Joint Hon. Secretaries.

ENTRIES CLOSED 3 p.m. MONDAY, 29th AUGUST, 1949

UNDER THE STANDARD OF AMATEUR SPORT

SOME among the English-speaking peoples are for discarding the Olympic Games and substituting the British Empire Games or, better, British Empire v. United States Games.

Suggestion is that the present Olympic set-up does not promote international amity because of over-emphasis on nationalism among many of the participating countries. The claim is that intense rivalries engender racial vainglory; there are too much swagger and pot-hunting altogether; much of what happens isn't sporting and, therefore, isn't sport.

Such defects cannot be gainsaid in a degree but, outweighing them, are asset-building advantages quite incalculable to the surface observer, or assessed in terms of other than the long-view.

It is asking too much of peoples, far removed geographically, stimulated by different sets of ideals, subject to different systems of government, to become matey, as if by magic.

This is a gradual process, a slow parade, in which participants—men and women with plus mental and physical equipment—survey one another, draw closer, discover (in their own way) human qualities that personal contact only may reveal.

All, or most, apart from games with impressions formed more of the competitors than of contests, carrying back to their countries and their peoples enlightenment where lurked previously doubt and misunderstanding—probably fomented by opportunist diplomats.

All reforms arise originally from mass of the people and, left to the people, those reforms will not be delayed over-long. The place of the world would seem to depend on more meeting grounds for the masses, devoid of ideologies and economic formularies, under the standard of amateur sport. For that very good reason the Olympic Games should be guarded against incursion of various nationalisms.



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



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JOHN HICKEY

Treasurer:

JOHN A ROLES

Committee:

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GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

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M. D. J. DAWSON

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TERMINAL CITY CLUB	Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB	San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB	Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

SEPTEMBER

1st	Percy Smith	17th	S. E. Chatterton
2nd	P. M. King		H. V. S. Kirby
	W. H. Bentley	19th	C. H. Dodds
3rd	G. T. Rowe	20th	C. Graves
	R. Quinell	21st	Mark Barnett
	F. C. Williams	22nd	John Hickey
7th	R. A. Dunstan		E. F. Kreiger
	N. B. Frisk		A. S. Price
8th	J. J. Crennan	23rd	Rex Cullen-Ward
9th	E. A. Box	24th	Sir Samuel Hordern
11th	E. G. Harnett	26th	W. Longworth
13th	A. O. Romano		P. Pilcher
15th	J. Wyatt	27th	J. S. Irwin
	F. Gawler		E. A. Nettlefold
	S. N. West	28th	A. L. Brown
	W. Ditfort	30th	H. D. McRae
	C. H. D. Scougall		W. H. Sellen

OCTOBER

4th	L. C. Wicks	20th	Alexr. Colquhoun
	K. J. Patrick		E. J. Millar
5th	F. P. Robinson	21st	E. R. Deveridge
6th	E. W. Bell		D. S. Orton
	S. V. Toose	27th	A. J. Moverley
9th	S. S. Crick	28th	F. J. Geddes
14th	H. Townend	31st	C. C. Bartlett
	A. Leslie Cooper		

MEMBERS are invited to supply items of club interest,—about members, preferably, but articles embodying opinions, experiences, reminiscences, would be welcomed. Such matter should be addressed to the Secretary.

* * *

CONVERSING with Mr. Kerr when we called was Fred Brodie, who had trained Charlie Frost, a first-rate fighter in the days of "Gentleman Jack" McGowan, Hock Keys and the Melbourne lad, Micko Walsh.

* * *

W. T. KERR, convalescing in his home after an illness that overcame him suddenly—and passed almost as quickly—had one regret at the time we called on the veteran sportsman—he would be absent as timekeeper from the High School's annual sports meeting for the second time only in 64 years. His absence previously was due to the fact of his being overseas, in 1907, with the Australian Olympic team.

* * *

NEW Zealanders resident in Sydney say: The match-winning genius of N.Z. Rugger teams was

in their back play. This, in recent years, has been sacrificed to spotting tactics. N.Z. should adopt the N.S.W. rule prohibiting backs from advancing beyond an imaginary line drawn through the scrum until the ball emerges from the scrum. Until the backs are given fair opportunity to function, principally by curbing breakaways, the decline in the game in N.Z. will continue.

* * *

FROM a club member: I saw Stadium fights when, as Bob Fitzsimmons was wont to say, fighters wuz fighters. One of the greatest scraps was that in 1913 between Jack Read (Australia), weight 9.7,

height 5-6, and Frank Picato (America), weight 9.13, height 5.8, 20 3-minute rounds, without a clinch. Read was the winner. Is there any present-day "champion" who would have been capable of sticking that cut?

* * *

OUR Club made a memorable decision during the winter months when the Committee gave free use of the Main Hall for the playing of the State Billiards and Snooker Championships.

It was a novel note to strike and acclaimed by the Sydney Press, which in one instance at least declared the move as the greatest uplift in the games history in this country. Members attended the various matches with their ladies and the fare proved most enjoyable.

In every way the move was voted a great success and the Amateur Billiards' Association Members were loudest of all in praise of the setting.

Our own Member/Competitor, W. ('Billy') Longworth, provided one of the major thrills by returning the highest break (104 unfinished) of the series.

The final was won by Mr. Arthur Bull from Mr. R. Wright. The winner is well known to Members and has played in our Club on innumerable occasions.

* * *

L. P. KEATING has returned from an extensive tour of the U.S. where he visited many affiliated clubs; and this is the impression he formed: "The experience, great as it was, made me even more impressed with our own Club."

* * *

WE regret to record the passing of the following Members since the last issue:—LEON VANDENBERG, Elected 16/3/1914; Died 13/8/1949. J. W. HEENEY, Elected 16/4/1934, Died 20/8/1949. M. K. KEOUGH, Elected 14/5/1928; Died 22/8/1949.

Chelmsford Story

Chelmsford Stakes Day for Red Cross

In all previous years Tattersall's Club has had the pleasure and privilege of staging at Randwick the popular Chelmsford Stakes, run over nine furlongs at weight-for-age with penalties and allowances. This year the Club committee generously handed over its race date, September 10, to a most worthy object, the Red Cross.

THIS historical event, now more than 50 years old, has always been a main highlight of early spring racing. On this special occasion both the Red Cross race executive and the Committee of the Club are looking forward to a full and generous response by owners, members of the A.J.C., and all others associated with the sport.

An excellent nomination was received for the Chelmsford, including all local performers of note, and New Zealand stayer, King's Ransom, whose chief mission this spring is the Melbourne Cup. He will be an interesting runner as he has shown excellent form in his own country. It may be that he won't be forward enough to win but his display will be watched by Cup admirers.

Vagabond's performance is sure to attract much attention as he is a Cups' topliner, especially the Melbourne Cup. Bernbrook, Proctor, Columnist, Feld Boy, King's Coin, and Dark Marne, will all help to make this event the afternoon's highlight.

Noted New Zealander Limerick won this race on three occasions while others from the Dominion whose name appears on list of winners include such top-class performers as Gloaming, Rapine, Ammon Ra, Mala, Royal Chief, Defaulter, Beaulivre, Beau Vite and Sleepy Fox.

Phar Lap, Beauford, Rogilla, Heroic and Bernborough are among Australian headliners on list of winners.

CHELMSFORD STAKES (W.F.A., WITH PENALTIES AND ALLOWANCES)

Previous Winners.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG

Race dates back to 1895.

Year	Winner	Wgt.	Second	Wgt.	Third	Wgt.	Time
1926	Limerick	7 13	Windbag	9 11	Rapine	9 8	1 52½
1927	Limerick	9 4	Merry Mint	7 13	Son o' Mine (imp.)	7 8	1 55½
1928	Limerick	9 8	Winalot	9 7	The Happy Warrior	6 13	1 51½
1929	Mollison	9 4	Phar Lap	7 6	Winalot	9 11	1 52
1930	Phar Lap	9 4	Nightmarch	9 11	Weotara	7 6	1 51½
1931	Ammon Ra	7 13	Ptolemy	7 3	Veilmond	9 7	1 52¾
1932	Gaine Carrington	8 2	Kuvera	8 2	Regal Son	7 9	1 59
1933	Rogilla	9 3	Topical	9 1	Silver Scorn	9 2	1 52½
1934	Rogilla	9 8	Peter Pan	9 11	Gladswood	7 3	1 52¾
1935	Sylvania	9 7	Contact	9 0	Rogilla	9 8	1 54¾
1936	Gold Rod	8 2	Mala	7 9	Custos	7 9	1 51½
1937	Mala	9 0	Silver Standard	9 4	Allunga	9 11	1 51
1938	Royal Chief (N.Z.)	9 7	Avenger	9 7	Limulet	7 9	1 51¼
1939	Defaulter	9 7	Beau Vite	8 2	Royal Chief (N.Z.)	9 11	1 54
1940	Beaulivre	9 7	High Cast	9 7	Pandect	7 9	1 51½
1941	Beau Vite	9 11	High Cast	9 11	Lucrative	9 7	1 51
1942	Rimveil	9 11	Dewar	9 4	Main Topic	7 2	1 57¾
1943	Tribal	7 9	Katanga	9 11	Rimveil	9 11	1 59
1944	Veiled Threat	9 8	Katanga	9 11	Shining Night	9 1	2 0
1945	Sleepy Fox	9 8	Russia	9 4	Magnificent	8 2	1 52½
1946	Bernborough	9 11	Two Grand	7 9	Prince Consort	7 2	1 54¾
1947	Proctor	9 0	Good Idea	9 8	Two Grand	9 0	1 51¾
1948	Bernbrook	7 9	Carbon Copy	7 9	Dark Marne	9 8	1 52½

Twelve months ago Bernbrook, a three-year-old ridden by N. Sellwood, beat Carbon Copy of same age and ridden by N. Best with 5-year-old Dark Marne (A. Ward), third. It was a close race with place margins of a neck. Columnist, favourite at 11 to 8 on, was last home in the field of six. Vagabond ran fourth and the time was 1.52½.

MR. GEORGE GAYLEARD, who won several races at Randwick with Gay Monarch, has registered Nobility as name for his two-year-old colt by High Title from Banelle and a close relative of Gay Monarch. The youngster is well developed and

looks a smart type. His owner is looking forward to the colt turning out as successful, even more so, than Gay Monarch.

* * *

DR. C. M. GUINEY has high hopes that his 3-year-old gelding by Iolaus from Brunswick Joy will develop into a top-class performer. Thracian Lad won at Randwick in fine style at his initial success. Veteran mentor, Mr. Dan Lewis, is training the gelding who was bred by another club member, Mr. T. T. Cooke. Thracian Lad is closely related to Wise Boy, a winner of A.J.C. Breeders' Plate.

BLACK DON'S RAPID RISE FROM OBSCURITY

Midway through this year Black Don was a name unknown to Sydney or Melbourne turf folk, but the colt is now a popular fancy for Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, as well as one of the chief topics in Victoria Derby discussions.

THIS move for the Cups and the Classic follows a purple patch struck by Black Don from his first day of racing. His first six starts resulted — win, second, win, third, win, win, and that was to mid-August, truly an amazing run over a period of less than three months.

The colt quickly forced his way to top line of Victoria Derby quotes while his original price for the two Cups shortened (in doubles) by more than 300 points. Should he continue his winning way in the period leading up to the Caulfield Cup he will see a considerably shorter price and will be a warm favourite for the blue riband later at Flemington. He is not among entries for A.J.C. Derby probably because his party hadn't given such an idea much thought. However, Black Don's rapid rise from obscurity shows that owners should always enter horses for the classics no matter what their prior form was, or for that matter, a lack of form which was the case with Black Don at time of nomination closing. He developed his great run after entries were taken. It is a pity his party didn't think to nominate the colt for the Randwick classic. Sydney turf folk welcome Victorians or any visiting horses as their presence mean keener racing and betting.

This almost "new discovery" had his first start at Bendigo on June 18, a 5½ furlongs Maiden (second division) and in the light of subsequent events it is no wonder he easily beat opponents in that mediocre field. He carried 8.9 and won by four lengths. Jim Pengilly is training the colt at Mentone for Mr. R. G. Bartholomew and is hopeful the three-year-old will turn out a high-class individual. He is certainly heading that way.

One cannot lightly by-pass form. Black Don ran second to Kiton at his second start when a 4 to 1 chance. Next came a win at Moonee Valley, first division of a two-year-old in which he carried 8.2 and started favourite. A third to Royal Pharos at Caulfield was next effort, followed by a win at Moonee Valley with 8.2, and in which he defeated Aisla and Tinkerman. Next, another success, Caulfield Chatsworth Plate (second division), one mile, in which he overcame obstacles to beat Birdman, a Derby prospect.

On breeding, Black Don will stay the Derby course and the Cups. He has stamina plus on both sides of his pedigree. His sire, Macedon, is by Trimdon (a high-class stayer and twice winner of Ascot Gold Cup). Trimdonis, a Son-in-law stallion, and progeny of that famous stallion, have made a world-wide name for themselves. Macedon's half-brother San Martin won Victoria Derby. Trimdon is from a Faraway mare.

Cimbrian Offspring

Lady Tonga, the colt's dam, is by Cimbrian (half-brother to Heroic), and from Black Duchess. Cimbrian could stay well. He was trained by that astute mentor, Lou Robertson, and regarded by him as a top-class sticker.

Black Duchess won races in Sydney and Melbourne and in the best company. She also finished second to Maple with Gothic third in 1928 Caulfield Cup.

Bred by Mr. A. G. Hunter, Black Don cost 240 guineas as a yearling and already is a turf bargain.

Black Duchess was bred in 1924 and by Magpie (imp.) from Extension by Cooltrim and traced back to Trenton. Macedon was not raced. He comes from the same family as the successful stallions, Gainsborough and Teddy, so altogether Black Don has a sound background and something to live up to.

The Princess Rides

WHEN Princess rides to Guards' Parade

Side-saddle, trim, in habit rare,
What echoes of a lost decade
Sigh in the trees from vistas bare!
What fair Dianas so arrayed
Shall Time recall
When Princess rides along The Mall!

We think of riders in the Row
In some far-off, forgotten June,
And how the cavalcade would go
With jingling bit and harness-tune,
And four-in-hands with horns
ablow . . .
What pageant stirs
When Princess rides along the years!

For they are ghosts who dimly pass
With beat of hoof on muffled tan—
Pale silhouettes against the grass
That once were mount and maid and
man,
And now are shades in fashion's
glass
That flicker, fade,
When Princess rides to Guards'
Parade.

—Trevor Allen.

Oversea News

WALTER CAVILL, returned from a world tour—business his main mission, but mixing sport—saw racing and cricket in England and racing in France. He met in London W. W. Hill (S.T.C. Chairman), George Ryder, Penn Arrowsmith (Director of the Port Line and remembered by our club members during his visits to Australia) and Billy Cook and Togo Johnstone.

Mr. Cavill recommends all club members visiting New York to look in at the New York Athletic Club, it has a mutual welcome-on-the-mat arrangement with Tattersall's Club. "No Australian visiting the New York Athletic Club will ever forget the warmth of the greeting and the good-fellowship," Mr. Cavill said.

* * *

A FEW of Mr. Cavill's friends have seen a photograph of him all dressed up in grey topper, an' all that, for Ascot, where he was a guest in the Royal Enclosure.

SLIPS IN TYPE

GEORGE — had charge of the entertainment during the past year. His birth-provoking antics were always the life of the party, and he will be greatly missed.

—“Willard (O.) Times.”

* * *

The area in which Miss Garson was injured is spectacularly scenic.

— “Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald.”

* * *

University students presented the famous old play, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Friday night. Thomas Rains starred as Uncle Tom, Betty Martin made a lovable Little Eva, and Grace Lacey was Tipsey.

—“West Hollywood (Calif.) Times.”

* * *

NOTICE — I have purchased the Cascades Restaurant located at 27 Main Street. Your patronage is requested. Improved service and fare. Special foul dinner Sunday, 75 cents. Hal Gerger, Proprietor.

—“Fenwick (Nev.) Journal.”

* * *

ORATOR: A man who can explain to his barber exactly how he wants his hair cut!

—“Radio Review.”

* * *

Pawnbroker: One who lives off the flat of the land.

—“Feature.”

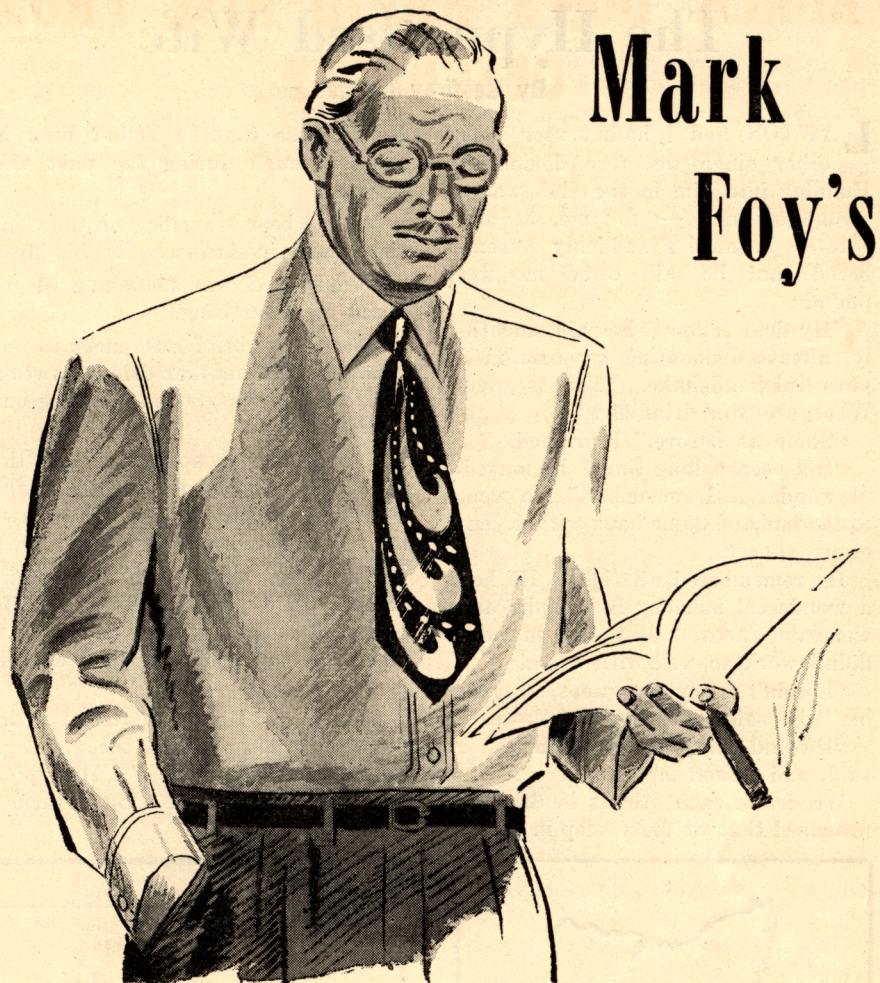
FREAK CONTEST

IN 1810 an army lieutenant bet a captain that he could run a hundred yards faster than the captain could ride a horse over a similar distance. The pedestrian had a comfortable win. Parramatta Road, the scene of many of the Flying Pie-man's contests, saw a strange race between a champion runner and a man with a wooden leg. The runner had to give the man with the wooden leg ten yards start in one hundred, but the man with the wooden leg won the race by a small margin.

* * *

INSTEAD of bewailing the fact that we can't have all that we want, many of us should be thankful we don't get all we deserve.

—“Tales of Hoffman.”



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The Hypnotised Wife

By Geoffrey Morgan

LAWTON and I hadn't seen each other since we were demobbed. Running into him in the club was a stroke of luck — for me, at any rate — because I suddenly remembered that he still owed me five pounds.

"My dear fellow!" he said smoothly, almost dislocating my arm in a powerful handshake. "This is good. What are you drinking?"

"Same as before," I grinned.

"It's been a long time," he mused. "I wonder if I remember." He went to the bar and came back with a generous sherry.

He remembered all right. He had a wonderful memory for drinks and women's faces. But his memory didn't work so well with fivers.

"I didn't know you were a member," he said, when we sat down.

"I could say the same thing," I said, and raised my glass.

We drank each other's health and promised that we must keep in touch.

He told me that he hadn't been in London much during the past two years.

He had been travelling on the Continent and in America for his firm.

I told him I was managing to get along in advertising.

After these brief references to our existence and another drink, Lawton, with wistful eyes, began recalling our Army days.

I remembered something of the hectic three weeks we spent in Cape Town before sailing home, but Lawton remembered everything.

"And the trip home," he continued. "Do you remember —" He broke off suddenly, his attention riveted on a couple who had just walked in.

"I say —." He spoke at last without taking his eyes off the girl. "I thought that was . . ." His voice trailed away and he slowly turned to me.

"Do you know who that girl is the image of?"

"I seldom go to the cinema but I suppose you're alluding to some film star?" I smiled.

"My dear fellow, it's like looking at Evelyn!"

"Evelyn?"

"You surely haven't forgotten Evelyn Venables, that strange, mysterious beauty who had the whole ship's company at her feet?"

"Yes, now you mention it, there is a likeness," I admitted.

He looked thoughtful. "She was a lovely woman but — so remote. As distant as the Himalayas."

"And as cold," I put in.

Lawton grinned. "Her husband didn't seem to think so. He was something of a queer fish, wasn't he? Nerve specialist; psychiatrist, I think he called himself. He certainly knew how to handle his wife."

"You know," he continued with a frown. "I can't help thinking there was something strange about that set-up."

"Strange?" I queried, my interest aroused. "In what way?"

"The way they carried on — or



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rather, the way he did. Look at the attention he lavished on that nursing sister — Susan. I think her name was."

He went on: "It was the one topic of conversation, yet Evelyn didn't bat an eyelash. It doesn't make sense."

"Women seldom do," I said with feeling.

"But, seriously, Chris, is it logical for a woman in that position not to take advantage of it? There she was, often on the boat-deck alone and the whole ship's company falling over themselves just to hold her hand, and yet she was as unapproachable as the captain's bridge!"

As Near as Any

"I thought you got as near as any of them," I said, remembering how near I had got.

He replied: "I did get as far as discovering that the ice in her eyes could melt, but that was only when she spoke of her husband. And on the two or three occasions I was alone with her, her conversation was limited to that unworthy subject.

"While she told me what a hero he was I knew he was propping up the bar and trying to buy Susan another drink. It was ludicrous."

I had to agree that it was, and I went and refilled the glasses. When I returned Lawton was deep in thought.

"You know, Chris," he said slowly, "I've been thinking quite a lot about that woman and it's all on account of a book I'm reading. Pure fiction. But I'm not so certain that it couldn't be applied to life. It's called 'The Woman in the Glass Case'."

I laughed. "I know Evelyn was remote but she wasn't the glass-case type."

"No. But don't you think there was an invisible barrier between her and everyone she came in contact with — except her husband?"

"Yes," I admitted grudgingly. "I'll grant you that."

"The story concerns a psychiatrist and his wife who was devoted to him," Lawton began. "But he behaved abominably.

"He never considered her feelings yet he remained in her eyes an absolute saint. Then quite suddenly, he died — tumour on the brain.

"Soon after she married again — a steady, reliable fellow who had

long been her admirer. But they never lived happily ever after. She changed completely. She nagged and bossed him.

"He couldn't move a muscle without first consulting her. He was a devoted husband.

"Any minor argument he began she developed into a raging volcano. I suppose," he continued with a grin, "she was just being her natural self."

"How did the author explain this sudden change?"

"In the end," Lawton went on, "the inoffensive little man consulted a doctor friend and told him everything. The doctor's opinion was that it was an advanced case of hypnosis."

"Hypnotism?" I echoed.

Lawton nodded. "Just that. You remember I told you her first husband was a psychiatrist, and you probably know that psychiatrists have to treat some mental patients by hypnotism.

"Well, the author didn't suggest that his heroine — if you can call her that — was mental, but it appeared by nature she was a cold and unreasonable woman. Her husband decided to change all that — so he hypnotised her.

"He kept her under the influence of his hypnotic power year after year so that she became hardly more than an automaton controlled by his thoughts. This accounted for her glass-case attitude to admirers and her flattering comments about her husband.

"These thoughts were drummed into her mind by him, and no matter what he did he only appeared to her as he wanted her to see him.

"Of course, when he died . . ." Lawton shrugged. "I need hardly say that she was a most excellent subject."

Kept Mesmerised

"And he kept her in that mesmerised state for months — years!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Why — it's fantastic!"

"My dear fellow, I did say it was fiction," Lawton said.

"But you were basing your conclusions about Evelyn Venables on that?" I queried.

"It occurs to me that it's a pretty sound basis," he replied emphatically. "And I can't think of any other explanation for Evelyn's strange behaviour."

"Just supposing her husband died and she married again . . . I wonder . . ."

I was wondering, too.

"To go back to the book," I suggested at length. "What did the doctor advise?"

"That the little man should go and see a psychiatrist," Lawton smiled.

"And what did he recommend?"

"I'm anxious to know, I haven't reached that stage in the book yet —"

He broke off, and I looked to see what had captured his attention. I knew before he told me that it was his wife and her mother bearing down on us.

I made my excuses and went. I didn't mention the five pounds. After all, I thought Lawton had earned it relating that story. I've no doubt they thought it impolite of me to break away in such a hurry but I couldn't tell them I was going to see a psychiatrist. I'm not going to tell Evelyn either.

GORGEOUS GUSSIE'S LACE PANTIES

TEDDIE TINLING, the man who designed and made "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran's lace panties (he charged her £10 for the dress-set) said:—"Wimbledon Tennis Club are the people who have made money from them. They have had the biggest crowds since the war — maybe an extra thousand a day — and all to see Gussie's panties."

Six-foot-six dressmaker, Tinling is himself a tennis player. He plays for Sussex and was in 22 tournaments last year.

"Gussie heard of me from two English players in America last year," he said. "She said, 'I must have something feminine,' and I sat up all night designing the dress. "When she saw it she said: 'Gee, that's feminine — but what happens when the dress blows up?' "Then I had the idea for the pretty panties. And why shouldn't they be pretty? I never could understand tennis players who wore nice dresses, but showed dreary garments underneath."

"Gussie is a most dynamic and colourful woman. She has slinking warmth, and hit tennis when she was most needed."

Tinling once made panties for another colourful player — Suzanne Lenglen.

World's Leading Stayer of 1949

ALYCIDON is a four-year-old entire whose pedigree will interest club members who follow breeding lines of prominent thoroughbreds racing in all parts of the world.

The British "bombshell" is a half-brother to Woodlark and Borealis, and is chestnut in colour. He is by Donatello II from Aurora, a mare by a noted sire, Hyperion, and from Rose Red by Swynford from Marchetta by Marco.

Marchetta is a name which should interest Sydney racegoers because she was dam of eight winners, quite an achievement. One of her progeny was March Along, which was brought to Australia by late Mr. John ("Baron") Brown. March Along sired a number of winners.

Aurora is a half-sister to Godetia and Greenwich. Latter was imported to Australia with Dhoti in 1939 by the then Duke of Kent. Greenwich had three starts in this country, then retired to the stud. He sired a few winners, but Dhoti is now all the rage. Referred to as the most successful young sire in Australia, his oldest progeny are now six-year-olds. Up till the beginning of this year they had won more than £153,550 in stakes, a record. List included Royal Gem, a winner of the Caulfield Cup, and sold some months ago to U.S.A. for a reported 100,000 dollars.

Photographs received in Australia reveal Alycidon as a typically English stayer, built on splendid and generous lines. Lord Derby bred and races this horse of the moment who, until recently, was trained at Newmarket by Walter Earl. The now four-year-old, who has now been retired to the stud, was over-

England is home of the staying racehorse. The most talked about galloper in the world to-day is Alycidon, unbeaten at first four starts this year and winner of six races last season.

grown as a two-year-old and Lord Derby gave instructions that he wasn't to be put into training. The then youngster stood 16 hands. It was a wise move and his Lordship is now reaping benefit of that decision.

Alycidon's sire, Donatello II, is a son of Blenheim and Delleana, a daughter of Clarissimus who traces back to the famous Pretty Polly family.

The crack stayer began his three-year-old season by winning the Royal Standard Stakes, 1½ miles, starting at 7 to 4. Thus early his ability had been summed up. Next came the Princess of Wales' Stakes, 1½ miles, followed by the St. George Stakes, 13 furlongs, in which he carried 9.7. The Jockey Club Stakes, 1½ miles, was next win, and he went to the post at 11 to 8 on. At three years he won six times altogether, last success being in King George Stakes, two miles, in which he started at 7 to 4 and beat Djeddah and the 13 to 8 favourite, Finish Royal. He carried 9 st. to victory.

This year four wins from four starts was his record. First win was in Ormonde Stakes, 1½ miles, at Chester. He carried 9 st. and was 5 to 4 favourite. Next came Corporation Stakes, 2½ miles, at Doncaster, and in which he frightened out all but three others. He carried 9.5 and started at 9 to 4 on. In the Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles, super test for stayers, he closely pressed the American stayer, Black Tarquin,

for favouritism, but it wasn't a race as Alycidon beat his rival by half a dozen lengths. Last of the four successive wins was Goodwood Cup, two miles, again at odds-on, which wasn't surprising. He didn't race after that success.

In most races, the now famous stayer had stablemates to set the pace a cracker and he did the right thing at the end. He is England's best stayer for many seasons and his stud future will be keenly followed by breeding students.

SHOULD M.C.C. REVISE RULE?

IN less than 18 months, an English cricket team will be on its way to Australia, and unless M.C.C. change their long-standing rules in the meantime, some of our star cricketers may not be in the party because of the long separation from their wives.

My information is that at least one of our most celebrated players has made up his mind that he will not go abroad again without his wife.

What would happen if a few of the certainties — take Hutton, Washbrook and Compton if you like — all replied to their invitations that they would go only on condition that their wives were allowed to accompany them?

Big Queries

Would M.C.C. retort that as they are only a private club, sending out an M.C.C. club side, they would have to do without these men?

Would the English counties and public support that action? Would Australia welcome such a side, shorn of its biggest attractions, with open arms? I wonder.

I know all the old arguments about difficulties of transport, accommodation, wives from different social spheres not mixing, wives creating petty jealousies and the rest, but I am convinced more individual contentment on both sides of the water would be brought by a change of the "conditions of tour."

Surely it is worth a trial again.

— Grantham Read (Sports Editor) in "Sunday Graphic."

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A Peep Into the Future



An artist's impression of the State Electricity Commission's Morwell Briquette project, showing the new open cut as it will appear after about 15 years of coal winning. In the foreground are the proposed new briquette factories; alongside the open cut is the town of Morwell, and in the distance can be seen the town of Yallourn, with its open cut, power station and briquette works.

PRETTY POLLY'S TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE ON RACING

It is amazing the number of racehorses of high-class standard which have descended from that grand matron Pretty Polly, a glamour filly of the early part of this century.

ANCESTRESS of some of the best horses to grace the English turf, she also was a noted race mare. Wins included three classics, One Thousand Guineas, Oaks Stakes, and the St. Leger. Total earnings were £37,397 from 22 wins, 18 of them consecutive. That alone is a grand record, and on a par with the world's best.

In Australia, Gloaming and Desert Gold share the record for consecutive victories, 19. Ajax won 18 in a row, Carbine and Bernborough 15. Phar Lap was first home on 14 successive occasions.

Stallions located in England, Ireland, America, New Zealand, and Australia, belong to the Pretty Polly family, an indication of the tremendous influence she has exerted on the turf at home and abroad.

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In New Zealand, Foxbridge, a prominent member of the family, is sire of winners of half a million pounds in stakes. Foxbridge headed New Zealand winning sires' list from 1941 till 1948 inclusive, a remarkable feat, and in 1946-7 season his progeny accumulated £80,620, a British Empire record. In 1947-48 term he sired winners of £76,382.

Foxbridge was a successful racehorse on the British turf. His progeny include Sleepy Fox (well known to club members, one of his wins being in the Chelmsford Stakes). Other Dominion highlighters by this importation include, Foxwyn, Alycidon, Foxmond, Regal Fox, Majesty, Lou Rosa, and Ladyship. Australian racehorses by the prolific getter of winners included Shining Night, Foxy, Air Fox, Fearless Fox and Proud Fox.

Foxbridge's Grand-dam

Adula, Foxbridge's grand-dam, was by Spearmint, a son of Carbine, famous racehorse and sire. Foxbridge's sire, Foxlaw, won, among other races, Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles.

Gold Nib, another English stallion, also doing stud duty in New Zealand, and leading sire of two-year-old winners in his first season, is another belonging to the family. Admiration, dam of Pretty Polly, is sixth dam of Gold Nib.

Most important of all, England's outstanding stayer in years, four-year-old Alycidon, who recently retired to the stud at a fee of 400 guineas (chickenfeed compared with some fees charged in U.S.A. and about half that asked for Shannon and Bernborough), is another distinguished member of the Pretty Polly family. His sire, Donatello II, is a son of Blenheim and Delleana, a daughter of Clarissimus (from the Pretty Polly family).

(It would take up too much space to name even half the descendants of Pretty Polly.)

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears.

—“Annapolis Log.”

NO BAD DRIVERS HERE

BRITISH Columbia claims to have the stiffest driving test of any province in Canada. In the first six months of last year 17 per cent. of applicants for driving licences failed to pass it. The written and oral part of the test sometimes takes up to two hours, after which there is a dark-room test for eyesight, a reaction test, and a medical test for hearing. In the dark room the applicant is tried out in a device known as a reactometer. Another instrument, called a depthoscope, is used to test the applicant's vision.

Some of those who failed these tests were ex-Servicemen who, during the war, had driven jeeps and tanks. The Chief Examiner, Mr. Hamilton, has said that in his opinion women are just as good drivers as men, and he thinks, too, that the nervous or over-careful driver is ultimately more reliable than the one who has too much confidence.

Once there were things people couldn't talk about, but now they can't talk about anything else.

—Pauline Mayo.



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Billiards and Snooker Tournaments

THE 1949 billiards and snooker tournaments will always be remembered as among the most pleasureable competitions conducted by the Club through the years. Not only were the various games keenly contested but members turned up en masse to lend moral support to their favourites.

When the handicaps were announced originally there were many who thought serious errors had been made but actual results showed the superior wisdom of the handicappers in true light.

Scores in the final games went this way:—

Billiards

L. J. Haigh beat F. E. Headlam 250-197 for the major trophy while the play-off for third and fourth prizes favoured J. Harris, who won from E. K. White 250-207.



Mr. P. J. Schwarz, winner of the Grand Snooker Tournament.

Snooker

P. J. Schwarz won the final from S. Peters in straight games 88-79, 93-84, but it took three frames to de-

cide third prize which went to K. Ranger who won from D. F. Graham 62-97, 107-98, 98-64. It is interesting to note how the winner finished ahead in two of the three games played but his opponent was only eight away in the aggregate. Tallys were: Schwarz, 267; Graham, 259—a difference of one black and one red!

Biggest points win in the billiards section went to Committeeman J. A. Roles who had a margin of 124 in his favour against W. Longworth. The champion had an off-day and the balls ran most unkindly.

Close Finishes

The following results further reflect something of the handicappers' art. In each instance one more visit to the table might easily have turned the tables.

Billiards (winner quoted first in each instance): A. J. Chown v. S. Peters, 17; H. R. Flack v. H. Hill, 16; A. R. Buckle v. L. Seamonds, 16; C. J. Manning v. W. McDonald, 1; G. Fienberg v. R. Mead, 2; W. Longworth v. N. Plomley, 11; J. I. Armstrong v. J. A. Shaw, 7; J. Eaton v. K. Fidden, 14; W. T. Kerr v. A. Stutisbury, 16; J. Harris v. A. Buck, 7; R. H. Alderson v. A. V. Miller, 9; J. Mulloy v. K. Ranger, 10; J. R. Cohen v. L. H. Howarth, 9; L. R. Flack v. F. Vockler, 1; S. E. Chatterton v. J. G. Cohen, 13; J. H. Peoples v. R. L. Ball, 11; C. J. Famming v. E. W. Abbott, 7; F. E. Headlam v. L. R. Flack, 4; and L. Haig v. J. Harris, 3.

Won on the Black

These games were won on the black ball in the snooker section: B. M. Norris v. D. J. Ford; R. Rattray v. F. Vockler; E. A. Davis v. R. Price; Arthur Norton v. A. M. Watson; C. L. Park v. A. C. Gelling; J. I. Armstrong v. A. McGill; P. J. Schwarz v. R. Hutchinson; G. Welsh v. E. J. Miller; G. J. C. Moore v. J. I. Armstrong; J. Mulloy v. L. Howarth and S. Peters v. J. Mulloy.

There were some real "hard luck" stories in that bunch and, viewed

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Runner-up (F. E. Headlam) and winner (L. J. Haigh) of the Billiards Tournament.

from any angle, it will be seen spectators were not short of thrills.

Attendances set a new record and the programme of one game of billiards and two of snooker each day appears to have met every desire of members.

THE PRIZE-GIVING

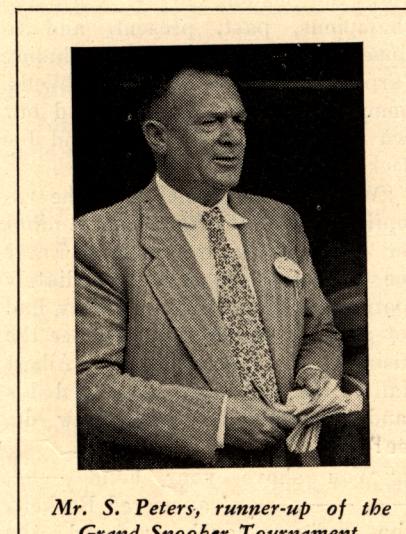
SPEECHES by the Chairman (Mr. John Hickey) and others at a cocktail party in the Club room, when he presented prizes won in the billiards and snooker tournaments, reflected the good-fellowship of the games, so well expressed by "Swannie" Schwarz, winner in the Snooker division: "I thank the fellows whom I defeated for the pleasure of sporting games."

The Chairman said that he and members of the committee had derived great pleasure from the manner in which the tournament had been conducted and thanked the Billiards Committee — Messrs. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, Longworth and Young — They were also the handicappers—as well as the players and those Club members who attended the games and showed such consideration for the players—64 in the Billiards tournament and 110 in the Snooker tournament.

Mr. Hickey added: "It might be said truly that onlookers enjoyed the

games every bit as much as players. The games undoubtedly had provided an enjoyable interlude. The standard of play — in the final games, at any rate—was high."

The Chairman mentioned that Les Haigh had also won the Billiards tournament in 1938, and that the winner in the Snooker division,



Mr. S. Peters, runner-up of the Grand Snooker Tournament.

"Swannie" Schwarz, had achieved a life's ambition.

The Chairman (as well as players) referred to the efficiency displayed by Club stewards in the respective roles of referee and marker. On behalf of a number of members, the

Chairman made presentations to the stewards who had officiated.

Committeeman George Chiene, responding on behalf of the Billiards winner, Les Haig, said that Les had wished it to be said: "The winners accepted their victories in the same spirit as the losers accepted their defeats and, judging by the bright faces around the bar later, all the losers appeared to be winners. This was as it should be in all games—and as it had always been in Tattersall's Club."

Responses were made by those who received prizes — Joe Harris, "Swannie" Schwarz, Sam Peters, Ken Ranger and D. F. Graham. Last named (fourth in Snooker tournament) cracked: "I was the sole punters' representative left in and, like all punters, finished up with the punters' percentage."

ORIGINAL ADS

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IGN in a window of a local masseur: "We take your breadth away." —"The Advocate."

* * *

WHILE his playboy aspirations burned, a manufacturer's representative in the Midwest found that his pockets weren't exactly bulging with money. He'd have to get a rise, that was all. Three letters to his boss in New York brought no reply. Finally, the representative wired in desperation:

IF NO RISE GRANTED ME
WITHIN TWO WEEKS COUNT ME
OUT.

Back came a wire:
ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE
SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN.

—Henry S. Galus.

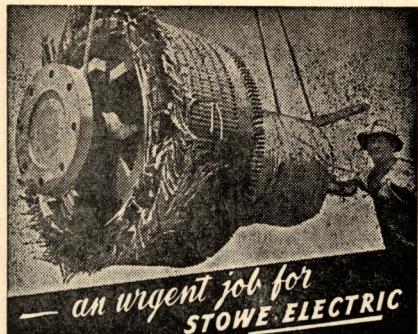
P LACARDS warning "Be Careful!" in a plant employing women failed to keep them from running for the stairs at quitting time, resulting in injuries. But the company cannily found a solution: Full-length mirrors were installed at two stair landings on the theory that no woman could pass a long mirror without pausing for a look. Sure enough, accidents ceased.

EUGENE CORRI, Famous Boxing Referee

His story of the Gloveless Impromptu Between Tommy Burns and Joe Beckett in Leeds

GENE CORRI, the most famous of all English boxing referees in the last thirty years, was a man of very fine personality and unblemished reputation. In his days of youth it was intended that he should become a professional singer and join the Carla Rosa Opera Company. But fate decreed differently. He took up a business career in London and became a member of the Stock Exchange.

An athletic youngster, he played cricket, football, and the usual games. He was accustomed to walk into London from his suburban home, seven miles, every morning and back again, after his business labours ended for the day! Later he was drawn into the vortex of boxing, and one night he filled an unexpected gap as a referee. Being a success he was induced to continue, with what result fistic history tells vividly.



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Mr. Corri wrote a number of boxing stories for Sydney "Referee," which were featured. Among these were some gems, including the impromptu fight between Tommy Burns and Joe Beckett, the English heavyweight champion.

Tommy had forsaken the ring for journalism, and when big Joe was beaten by Frank Moran in three rounds, Tommy, in his newspaper story of the fight, declared that Beckett had a "yellow streak" and "quit cold." This naturally did not commend itself to Joe. Let us quote Gene Corri:

"Enter Joe Beckett!"

"It led up to the great fight in which the two fighters who fight for big purses when gloves are used, fought for nothing with the knuckles. It happened in this way: A big charity show had been organised in Leeds, quite the biggest affair of its kind, and as usual at charity functions, the Mayor and Mayoress were the leading lights. All the champions, past, present, and to come, were on the bill, including Carpentier, Bombardier Billy Wells, Jimmy Wilde, Jim Driscoll, and our two worthies, Tommy Burns and Joe Beckett.

"We were all gathered in the reception hall of the hotel, and a number of ladies were present. Enter Joe Beckett, who was immediately spotted by Burns. Now Tommy had not actually spoken to Joe since the business of their contest at Albert Hall. He, therefore, extended his hand cordially, to say, 'How do, Joe?'

"'You shove your hand —, —, —,' answered Beckett, who contemptuously refused the proffered hand.

"'Ssh!' warned Burns, 'there are ladies here.' And the blanks were a little unparliamentary, to say the least about Beckett's choice of words for the occasion.

"Burns very diplomatically withdrew, and went up to his room. But Beckett was in a very pugnacious mood, and evidently out for blood.

At any rate he ran up to the landing, saying: 'You called me a coward, you said I had a yellow streak. Take that!'

"Beckett caught Burns a frightful crack on the jaw and floored him. While he was down Beckett jumped on him, and the fight waged furiously on the floor.

"Of course, it would happen right outside my bedroom," continued Corri. "There was a fine uproar. The manager came to me in a terrible state. Wringing his hands, he implored me to stop the fight.

"'Can't you stop them, Mr. Corri?' he asked, thinking, I suppose, that all I had to do was to say 'Break,' and the pair would separate, just as if they were in the ring at the N.S.C. Fancy saying 'Break' to two desperate fellows fighting tooth and nail for dear life on the floor in the hotel.'

"It was a terrible fight. Burns never uttered a sound. He wrestled himself on top of his adversary, and then bashed his face in the same place times without number until Beckett yelled, 'Take him off, somebody!'

"Burns was dragged off. When the pair stood up, Burns rushed in with a wrestling grip just below the waistline and threw his man head first on the hard mosaic flooring with a sickening thud.

"This performance was repeated several times until the fight was knocked out of Beckett. The English heavyweight champion was completely beaten into submission under the all-in rules.

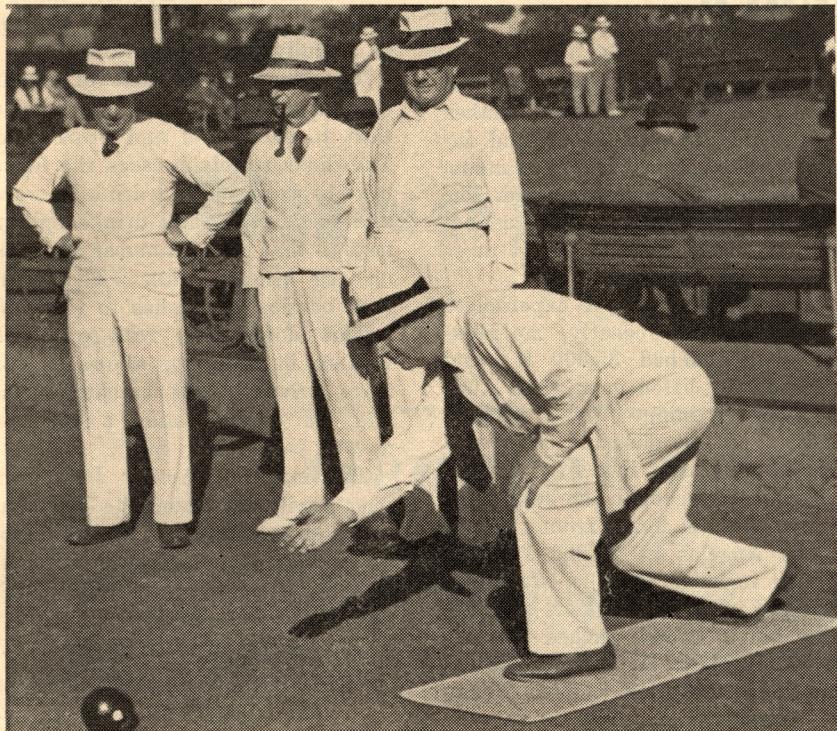
"'Now will you shake hands?' asked Burns, and Beckett had to comply.

"When they came down to dinner afterwards they looked a terrible pair, and I was asked on all sides whether I would persuade Burns to leave the company when Beckett was present.

"'Not on your life,' said Tommy when the question was put to him. 'That big stiff will think I am afraid of him. No. Where he goes I go too!'

"And he did."

Our Bowling Club Notes



Thursday afternoon of each week is a busy time for our bowls members. Here we see a quartette about to start "rolling 'em up to Kitty." (L. to R.) Alf Bloomfield, Charlie Young, Ted Murray and Bowls President Jack Roles.

SINCE the last notes were written, many enjoyable games have been played by members, and we have quite a number of important fixtures for the near future.

On the 4th August we were the guests of City Bowling Club, and were given a splendid afternoon. All seconds did not hand in their score cards so we are unable to give details of the match—suffice to say City Club were victorious.

On 18th August we played a strong combination from Victoria Park Club and were defeated by 29 points.

Details

Young, Silk, McIntosh, Davis (Tatts.), 15; Samson, Moore, Gingell, Skillen (V.P.), 24. Bavington, Mitchell, Dewdney, Booth (Tatts.), 18; Neville, McKinnon, J. O'Neill, Cave (V.P.), 28. Williams, McDonald, Chatterton, Eaton (Tatts.), 15; Bianchetti, Nock, Weiss, W. O'Neill (V.P.), 17. Junes, Monro, Gibbs, Traversi

(Tatts.), 15; Bailey, Harrison, Law, F. McDonald (V.P.), 23.

Totals: Victoria Park, 92; Tattersalls 63.

In the Pairs Handicap, Goldberg and Irwin, receive 8, defeated Moon and Roles, receive 7, by 27 to 19.

We were looking forward to August 25 when were being entertained by Waverley Club at luncheon and a game, but unfortunately heavy rain caused a postponement.

Congratulations to Ted Norton who won the Minor Championship of City Club, from Club mate Charlie Young. Also to Harold Hill who was narrowly defeated in the Major Championship of the same Club.

We all sympathise with Roscoe Ball who suffered a fractured arm just prior to the match against City Club in which he was to have participated. Roscoe is one of our most popular and enthusiastic members and we hope he will soon be "rollin' 'em up" with us again.

ABOUT YOUR HEALTH

HARTBURN is likely to be the result of faulty nervous habits—extremely fast eating, large amounts of fluids consumed with meals, gum chewing and air swallowing, which is an unconscious action. Doctors are not sure what physical ailments cause the symptom, for it may be associated with various organic diseases.

Standard height and weight tables are based on age and give merely the average weights for heights and ages of large numbers of persons. They may not apply exactly to a particular person, because persons of similar heights and ages may have entirely different types of physiques. Some people are naturally small and wiry, while others are large and robust. Provided there are no ugly fat deposits the large person has no need to diet.

It was long held that drinking water with meals was against the rules for good health. The latest idea is that water at mealtime stimulates the activities of the saliva and the gastric juice and favourably influences digestion. Incidentally, you can drink too much water. There is such a thing as water intoxication.

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SEVEN MILES UP LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

A WEATHER-BEATEN, twin-engined Mosquito swept over the Bedfordshire fields in its final approach to Cranfield aerodrome. It had flown from Stockholm in 2 hours 40 minutes. The crew of two, engaged in what must surely be one of the world's strangest jobs, climbed out of their cramped cockpit. They shook their heads. The pilot remarked: "No luck."

They had not found the bumps they had been looking for in the sky six and seven miles up — bumps that would have rattled their teeth, caused them to hang on grimly to anything they could grip to avoid being tossed about like corks in their madly bucketing aircraft. It had been a quiet trip, so—"No luck!" they said.

These men represent a new type of explorer of the air. They are searching for trouble in the stratosphere. They know it is there. They have met it often — and they know what unpleasant effects it can produce.

They belong to British European Airways' Gust Research Unit, which is trying to find the secret of certain phenomena which are described as "clear air gusts."

These are sudden patches of violently turbulent air that arise without warning at altitudes greater than 25,000 ft. It is obvious that for the coming generation of 500-m.p.h. high-altitude jet airliners it is essential to know much more about these treacherous gusts which might spell disaster. This research may well produce at least a possible key to the mysterious disappearances of aircraft in the past.

For a year the work has gone on. The Mosquito has flown high over this country, over the North Sea, over the Bay of Biscay, bringing back personal and automatically recorded data.

What happens when you hit one of these areas?

Captain Tommy Thomas, D.F.C., one of the unit's air explorers, told me: "Each time we were taken completely by surprise. I feel confident that had a civil airliner met them in

similar circumstances the passengers would have been considerably shaken up, possibly thrown about and injured if they happened to be standing

"The bumps are sharp-edged. The effect on me was if driving a fast car I suddenly hit a series of deep, unseen ruts in a road."

One of the strangest experiences was when, quite recently, the Mosquito had reached 35,000 ft., and was suddenly lifted more than 2,000 ft., within a minute, by a vertical current. In this case the effect was smooth, like riding in a lift.

A dramatic account has been given by a crew who, flying from Chicago to Los Angeles at 20,000 ft., met extreme turbulence. The effect was described as a "succession of shattering blows" which pushed the aircraft up to 24,800 ft. — where normal conditions prevailed. Two heavy tool-boxes on the cabin floor were flung about, damaged the cabin roof and broke the arms of a chair. The plane's wings and fuselage "flexed" to such a degree that "serious alarm was felt as to whether the aircraft would hold together."

Soon the unit is to extend its flying activities farther north, probably operating from a base at Oslo.

GOOD NEWS FOR DINERS-OUT

THE whole system of dining out will soon be completely changed, thanks to the Menumat, now installed in a Hollywood restaurant.

The Menumat consists of a menu embedded in each table with a button next to each food and drink listed. The diner merely presses the button next to the food and drink he wants and these foods and drinks light up next to that table's number and menu on the kitchen wall. The waiter then carries the dishes to the table.

This does away with errors by waiters in ordering, allows patrons more privacy, gets quicker service and, of course, adds a touch of novelty to the daily meal.

The inventor, Arthur Davis, has temporarily restricted the Menumats to his own restaurant in Hollywood, but in the near future he will lease it to other restaurants.—Leo Guild.

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A NEW cathode-ray tube developed by the Allen B. DuMont Laboratories can retain a television image for as long as 10 days, if necessary. Used in conjunction with telephones, it makes possible the recording of written messages when no one is at home to answer the 'phone. A flick of a switch erases the image and sets the tube for the new set of impressions.—"Country Gentleman."

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ROUNDABOUT *of SPORT*

ENGLAND'S declaration at 313 for 9 on the first day of the second Test was "illegal." Umpire Frank Chester admitted that he had been "caught out." The position is governed by "Special Instructions to Umpires, 1949," which rule out any declaration on the first day of Test matches. "I've been caught out right enough — and this my 48th Test. I was to blame and not Ashdown, the other umpire, who is officiating in his second Test. I was beaten by the three-day Test regulations, and as soon as you pointed it out to me I knew I was wrong. What a stroke of luck for everybody that the New Zealanders did not lose a wicket. That would have caused no end of bother."



The mistake was made at the headquarters of the game and before its leading legislators, including the secretary of the M.C.C., Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Rait Kerr. And not one of England's players pointed out to their captain, F. G. Mann, that he might be wrong.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY, a leading figure on the racecourse, has had good fortune outside the world of horses altogether. He invested £10,000 in the newspaper enterprises of Brigadier Michael Wardell. Wardell has just sold out for a figure believed to be £270,000. Buyer was City financier Harold C. Drayton, who at the end of 1947 became chairman of United Newspapers. In return for his £10,000 investment Lord Rose-

bery received £70,000, a profit of £60,000.

This is not the first time Lord Rosebery has romped home down the straight. When Lord Beaverbrook impulsively gave up racing and sold his mares and yearlings, Lord Rosebery purchased one for £106 or thereabouts. It proved to be Miraele, winner of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown in 1932. The prize money was about £10,000.

* * *

RACING world is wondering what is going to happen to the racing establishment of M. Leon Volterra, one of the biggest in France. It is unlikely that his young widow will carry on his stables on anything like their present scale, if at all. The French believe that many of his horses will go to England. M. Volterra had already sold a half share in Lord Drake and Royal Empire to Jack Hylton, in whose colours they ran in the Derby.

Last year's Derby winner, My Love, half-owned by the Aga Khan, is now at M. Volterra's stables, and may also go to England. French racing circles are not very happy at the prospect that the Volterra establishment will be sold up and the horses dispersed.

* * *

BRITISH steeplechase jockeys who have fallen on hard times will benefit unexpectedly by £30,000 under the will of Mr. James Keith Donaldson, wealthy Irish sportsman and keen racegoer.

Mr. Donaldson left the money to "The Queen Anne Fund for English Steeplechase Jockeys." But no such fund exists and the High Court in Dublin has now decided that Mr. Donaldson meant the Rendlesham Benevolent Fund for Jockeys in England.

It is a fund of which the public know practically nothing, but it is often the only hope for steeplechase jockeys and stable boys (and their widows) who are incapacitated by accident or have no other means of livelihood when they are old.

EMIL LATOPEK, Olympic 10,000 metres champion, claims a new world record for the 10,000 metres with 29 minutes 28 2/10 seconds, seven seconds better than the previous record, reports A.P. from Prague.

* * *

WHY do they talk of Ascot and Goodwood as the fashionable quarters of the sporting world? Wimbledon is the place . . . Wimbledon is the place for the great bone-headed connoisseurs of almost everything but lawn tennis.

There they are, the gorgeous creatures, applauding all the bad shots and ignoring all the good ones, looking wonderful in rig-outs that make Ascot look like Petticoat-lane on a drizzly Sunday morning and acting ga-ga as if they had never seen a piece of lace in their lives, although they are practically surrounded by the stuff.

One American reporter put the thing in its proper perspective when he said: "Panties are okay, but I am

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

strictly on the look-out for a piece of tennis from the dame." End (so far as this department is concerned) Gussie.

* * *

BUT what a money-spinner this Wimbledon is, and why should they ever contemplate taking the professionals in and making the show a frankly commercial one? They must be taking the best part of £500,000 a fortnight — tickets for seats out of the sun are £8 for the season and cushions are 1/- against 6d. at cricket matches — and there is no possible reason why they should soil their hands with professionalism. Why, they give the programmes away at 2/- a time.

It's all worth it, as the queuers patiently waiting in line as late as four o'clock on Saturday, found out. The dress parade, the buffets with plenty to eat and drink and smoke, the tennis, which is still the best in the world, Falkenburg's lank, handsome petulance, Drobny's donkey-boy tubbiness, Schroeder's walk like a strip-tease girl carrying a red-hot rivet between her knees — oh! the tremendous prima donna-ishness of the lot of them, with their sighs and their groans, and their incantations.

* * *

HARD LUCK FOR DORIS HART

IN one vital respect this will be an incomplete, almost tragic, Wimbledon (commented an English writer at the time). Most popular post-war visitor from America, Doris Hart, "the girl with the limp and perfect strokes," is missing from the lists. She has had to withdraw owing to eye trouble. Continued exposure to dust, wind and grit has caused a film to form over an eye which prevents her properly sighting the ball.

It is cruel luck that the cheery, charming girl, who in her youth successfully fought an infection which left her with a bent left-leg and lack of speed about the court, should suffer another blow from Fate. Actually this is the third blow, for a few years ago teeth trouble sent her to hospital.

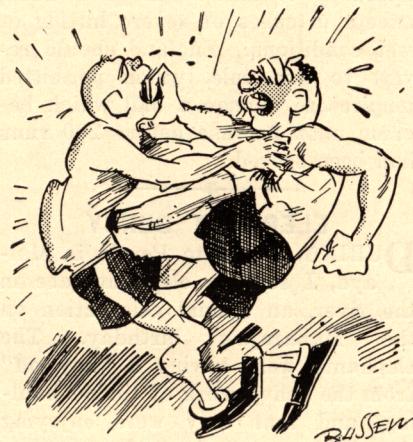
Only those who know how well Miss Hart has been playing in the U.S. since her winter tour of Australia (where she again arranged to partner Frank Sedgman at Wimbledon) can

gauge the real depth of the tragedy.

Just when it seemed that Doris, playing better and more consistent tennis than ever when the blow fell, was about to realise the great ambition of her life, the women's singles title at Wimbledon, she has to give up the game again. She just lost in last year's singles final to Louise Brough and in the finals of the women's and mixed doubles.

Even if the doctors, after a partially successful operation in March, will not allow her to train and practise for the U.S. championships in August, her friends refuse to give up hope. They point out that Alice Marble made a great come-back to win at Wimbledon after a breakdown which caused her to spend two years in bed. At that time she was regarded as a chronic invalid.

* * *



SAM LANGFORD, former dusky heavyweight champion, was wont to illumine a defeated opponent's abyss of darkness with lightning flashes of humour.

It is on record that "Beanie" Walker, a prominent sports scribe of the long ago, kept harping in the columns of his paper that "Fireman" Jim Flynn could whip Langford. After a great beating of journalistic tom toms the match was made.

Came a time in the actual fight when the sportive coon worked friend Flynn into position for a smack on the chin which knocked the "Fireman" right through the ropes, out of the ring and his senses, and into the lap of "Beanie" Walker, who was seated in the Press bench. "Mistah Walkah, suh, heah am youah fightaw," said Samuel.

GAVE AWAY £20,000

THIS is the story of a man who inadvertently gave away £20,000.

Tall, distinguished-looking Commander J. H. Hawes is senior partner of the Stock-broking firm of Bragg, Stockdale Hall and Co., of Finsbury Circus. Recently he entertained some friends to lunch at the Albany Club, Saville Row. He gave his friends a number of Stock Exchange Derby sweepstake tickets.

One of them was ticket No. 10179. It drew Nimbus; won £20,000 for the man who got the ticket as a gift.

Value of the sweepstake was £50,000. The Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund received £1,836. A cheque for £20,000 was paid to Bragg, Stockdale Hall and Co. as holders of the book containing the winning ticket.

STARS CASH IN

NEW role for Greta Garbo: Hollywood landlady. She is said to be taking advantage of the American film slump by buying up property wholesale. Once a barber shop assistant in her native Sweden, Garbo earned about £75,000 a picture during her heyday. Though she keeps the exact figure under her usually outside hat, her fortune to-day is believed to be well over £250,000. In making property investments she is following the example of many of filmland's richest women.

Two most successful Hollywood landladies are probably Corinne Griffith and Norma Talmadge, stars of silent days. Miss Griffith, wife of a millionaire laundryman, owns four business corners in the most expensive section of Beverly Hills and recently turned down a £250,000 offer for them. Miss Talmadge has an interest in a fashionable apartment house, owns office blocks, a medical building and a bungalow colony, besides three homes of her own.

Irene Dunn, wife of a wealthy dentist, owns oil lands and other property valued at more than a million dollars. Mary Pickford, whose fortune was recently estimated at £2,000,000, owns land, business houses and residential property scattered over a 200-mile strip at California.

Cricket Worries

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of an assistant secretary to the M.C.C. at Lord's. Major Ronnie Aird, the present assistant to Colonel Rait Kerr, tells me there is no intention on his part to retire. The new additional assistant secretary is needed to deal with the flood of work which, in Aird's words, "kept us here till all hours last summer."

For a salary of £750 to £900, rising to £1,200, the new man must possess a university degree or its equivalent, have administrative experience and preferably a knowledge of accountancy, law and estate management — and county cricket.

* * *

SEVERAL cricket enthusiasts have written to an English writer, expressing the hope that the present new ball rule will be dropped before next season. One correspondent suggests that if the practice to have a new ball after every 55 overs continues, the game will eventually be dominated by medium-paced swing bowlers and the cultivation of the art of spin will be discouraged.

other writer says the tendency now is to use spin bowlers only defensively while awaiting the next new ball. He supports his arguments with a reference to Don Bradman's use of Ernie Toshack and Ian Johnson as run-savers in the first four Tests.

* * *

HERE is no indication that the prospect of a new ball at the end of 55 overs persuades batsmen to produce a faster scoring rate before it becomes due. In the University match at Lord's, Cambridge had only 71 runs on the board when the first new ball was taken. There have been many examples of a new ball being used with fewer than 150 runs on the board. The old rule, which allowed a new ball to be used after every 200 runs, was based on the knowledge that a cricket ball would stand up to that much punishment, except in cases of severe hitting or wet conditions. England should revert to this rule, which permitted umpires to change a ball which became unfit for use before 200 runs had been scored.

ELEPHANT DERBY

DURING a visit to Perak, in Malaya, I saw an elephant race in the river, an annual celebration on the Maharaja's birthday. The elephants were having a "day off" from the heavy work of timber hauling, and that they were enjoying themselves was beyond question. Their eyes twinkled with fun as they manoeuvred for position at the start; and several tried to unseat opposing jockeys by blowing water at them with all the force of a fireman's hose.

During the race it was hard to follow one's "fancy" as the Perak

River was in full flood, and some of the elephants submerged themselves like submarines, leaving their "mounts" to float away and make for the shore as best they could. As they neared the winning post the great beasts, half trotting, half swimming, made a run for it. While the winner was kneeling for his prize — a bag of peanuts — some of the "also rans" doused him (and me), with what felt like half a ton of water. Thousands of Malays in the crowd thought that was the biggest joke of all.—T. A. Lowe in "The Field."

* * *

COPY CAT

ONE day, while canvassing for the Red Cross, I called at a lovely old colonial home. On the white-pillared verandah, a grey Persian cat was stretched out in the sun. It arose at my approach, took a stately turn across the wide step, and then preceded me to the door, aristocracy sticking out of every hair.

"What a perfectly magnificent cat!" I said to his mistress. "Why don't you put it in the cat show?"

"That," she replied impressively, "is a very special cat. Last year he got the ribbon for the best male cat in the show, and the year before he got the ribbon for the best female cat in the show. So I decided he'd better rest on his laurels."

* * *

WE stopped at a small hot-dog stand and ordered coffee. Just to be polite, he said, "Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

"Well," snapped the testy proprietor, "it tastes like coffee, doesn't it?"

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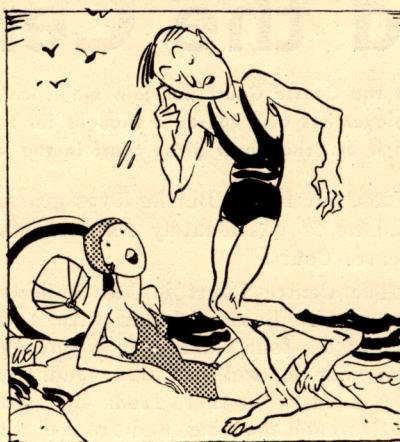
NOW that the 1948/1949 swimming season has ended it is time to look back on the happenings of the most successful season Tattersall's Club Swimming Club has ever experienced in its twenty-one years' history.

Doubtless the influx of returned soldier sons of members has had a lot to do with this but it is also noteworthy that the older members were even more enthusiastic than ever.

For a prize bunch of good sportsmen we must refer you to the men who make up the Swimming Club. The older swimmers get as much kick out of the good performances of the new swimmers who sometimes steal their thunder as if they themselves had put up a good performance.

"All for the sport and fun of it" is the motto of the Pool boys.

With ex Olympian Bill Kendall as the star performer the Club can put a particularly classy bunch of 40 yard sprinters on the board with Carl Phillips, Malcolm Fuller, Bruce Hodgson, Dr. Opie, Vic. Richards, Bill



Williams and Bill Dovey, Junior, all capable of doing 20 secs. or better.

Spectators at the Swimming Club's Annual Ball Pool Interlude on Saturday, September 24, will see most of those speedsters in action as well as the lesser lights who will strut their stuff on that occasion.

As has been previously reported in these columns, the big event of the season, the season's point score contest for the "Native Son" trophies, presented by Mr. W. W. Kirwan, was won by Bruce Chiene from Harry Davis and Peter Lindsay.

Monthly Point Score trophies were won by Arthur McCamley (2), Bruce Chiene (2), Jack Shaffran, Neil Barrell, Carl Phillips, Bill Sherman, Peter Lindsay and John O. Dexter.

During the season thirty-eight events were held which required 229 separate races to run them off and the average number of starters in each event was 23.

Membership of the Club was fifty-six so it can be seen that a very good percentage turned up for the races.

Handicapping by Jack Gunton was first class as is evidenced by the fact that there were 22 dead heats for first places, 21 for seconds and six for thirds, whilst the star turn from the handicapper's point of view was a triple dead heat for first place.

In the monthly Point Score contests Bruce Chiene had the best record with two wins, a second and a third with Harry Davis the unluckiest performer with a second and two thirds. Others who failed to

win a trophy but went mighty close were Bill Sellen, with a second and a third, and Dave Hunter, with two thirds.

Best records in heat wins were by Harry Davis 14, Bruce Chiene and John Dexter 12, Peter Lindsay, Dave Hunter, Bill Dovey and Bill Sellen 11, Neil Barrell 10, Peter Hill, Carl Phillips, Malcolm Fuller and Jack Shaffran 9, Bill Kendall 8, Gordon Boulton, Col. Chatterton and Bill Sherman 7.

Bruce Chiene won most finals with 6, followed by Malcolm Fuller and Carl Phillips 5, Bill Kendall and Don Wilson 4, George Goldie, John Dexter, Arthur McCamley, Bill Phillips and George Christmas 3, whilst eleven members took out a brace of finals each.

Forty-seven members won heats so almost everyone had a winning bracket at some time during the season.

The new season will commence in October and it is a tribute to the manner in which the swimmers enjoy their sport that many of them rather resent the few months' break in the racing and all are asking, even now, when the season opens.

Here's looking forward to an even brighter season in 1949/1950.

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Man Behind the Centre Court

In all the 28 years that the Centre Court has lain majestically at Wimbledon Park only one championship player has ever spared a thought for the men who make and maintain it as "the finest grass court in the world."

THAT was our own Fred Perry, who bought each of the grounds-men a drink after winning the championship in 1933. And the men so appreciated that gesture that they were still talking about it recently. Year after year the grounds-men hear, at fourth or fifth hand, that a new vintage of players has commented on the world-beating quality of the Centre Court turf. But as Mr. Edwin Fuller, Wimbledon's wiry, trilby-hatted, 45-year-old head groundsman, said recently, he would "drop dead from shock" if anyone ever repeated Fred Perry's gesture.

Mr. Fuller, who has been a groundsman at Wimbledon all his working life, started at the age of 14 at 7/6 a week, has little time for tennis players. So far as he is concerned you can keep all your cham-

pions, bar Perry. But he loves grass, and he is passionately fond of his Centre Court.

The Centre Court is Mr. Fuller's baby. He lives with his wife and two of his four children in a cottage alongside it, and just now tends it, like a fussy mother, from eight to twelve each morning, and from close of play till darkness falls each evening. All the year round he nurses it, cleaning, trimming, nourishing, brushing, dressing it, preparing it for its major bow — the All-England championships.

Work starts in earnest about April, when Mr. Fuller and his 12 assistants oil, grease, and reset their 11 fine hand-mowers and gradually reduce the inch-long blades of grass to play length of one-eighth of an inch. A quarter of an inch comes off

at the first cutting, then another quarter, and another, and finally one-eighth, at which level it is maintained all summer.

The huge three-shafted two-ton rollers are brought out, and once Mr. Fuller has satisfied himself that the turf is "not too wet and not too dry" they are driven slowly and gently up and down the precious court.

Rolling too wet would cake the turf and produce cracks; rolling too dry would crumble it and "help the players to ruin it." The rollers go on about twice a week till the ground is so firm that even the most determined worm cannot raise a cast through its surface. Of course, Mr. Fuller has been busy on the worms and the weeds all winter. Running weeds like pearlwort and mouse-ear chickweed are his biggest worry. He hand-treats them with lawn sand and sulphate of ammonia. Pearlwort, a virile but aristocratic weed, grows only in the best grass and is almost invisible, but it makes the turf cushiony and must be kept down.

Three Times in Morning

Three times every morning during championships Mr. Fuller rolls his Centre Court to flatten its cushion, and mows it daily. Oddly enough, it grows twice as fast as No. 1 Court. Twice yearly he gives all his courts a good feed of fertiliser — one hundredweight of organic (not chemical) fertiliser, mixed with eight barrow-loads of earth.

You may imagine, as I did, that Centre Court grass is the best Cumberland turf, as used on bowling greens, but it is not. Cut and roll Cumberland turf the way they do Wimbledon's Sillot (a near neighbour of Cumberland) and you would see the players skidding and falling as though on a skating rink. Sillot turf is harder and grips the feet.

Talking of feet, Mr. Fuller doesn't think much of the feet he sees at Wimbledon these days. And he

(Continued next column)

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You Can Master a Horse

Even experienced riders are often unsure whether the horse is man's best friend or worst enemy. Mary McCauley, an Irishwoman, wrote this article in "Women's International Digest."

THERE are two schools of thought about horse-riding. One school maintains that it is easy. Any fool can ride a horse. Look at all the fools who do. The other scoffs at this viewpoint. Nobody can ride.

should know, since that is the only part of tennis he ever watches. You'll never catch him moving his head from side to side to watch the ball like the folk you see on the newsreels. Waste of time that. He can tell a winner by his footwork.

"Pretty footwork's dying out," he says. "It's all rush and bustle today." By "pretty footwork" he means the footwork of tennis giants like Austin, Vines, Tilden and Perry. "Real stars don't hurt the turf," he adds, and will name you a dozen of this season's famous contestants who play havoc with the back lines of the Centre Court by toe-dragging when serving, or by clumsy footwork in general.

Fuller sits by the Centre Court throughout every match, but seldom watches play. He finds tennis sends him to sleep. The only man who could keep him awake throughout a five set match was "Bunny" Austin, whose footwork, he says, was the most wonderful ever seen at Wimbledon.

He likes to recall the past — the day when Mrs. Beamish shocked the veterans by appearing in a less-than-ankle-length tennis skirt; the day when one well-known player brought three bottles of champagne with which to quench his thirst through a gruelling match and was so "tiddley" at the end that he fell every time he tried to serve; the day that another star, a notoriously bad loser, told him he'd lost because the grass was so long it was up to his "ruddy knees."

Mr. Fuller plays quite a useful game of tennis himself — has done since he was 14 — and has the use of the Wimbledon courts when available. But if you ask him how he really likes to spend his spare time, he will tell you — "Fishing."

The membership of this latter school includes horses. It is true that, after years and years and years of practice, one may attain a certain degree of proficiency. But no human being has ever existed who could truthfully say: "I am able to ride a horse."

The trouble is that you never hear the second theory expounded until you have absorbed the first and decided to have a shot at the thing yourself. Then it is too late. Then you have entered a Valley of Humiliation from which there is no escape. The misfortunes that befall you therein will haunt you for the rest of your life.

You may decide to give it up as a bad job. Your friends may eventually grow tired of recalling what you looked like in jodphurs and the time you lost your horse while opening a gate. (You had dismounted and forgotten to hold on to the reins and he just went home). But you will remember always and there will always be someone who will revive the subject at a party where there is at least one guest who is a hard rider to hounds.

Will Never Forget

You will never forget how high a horse is when you are trying to get up on it. How high it still is when you are up on it. How high a jump appears to you that is absolutely nothing to a child of seven on a ridiculously small pony.

I used to think that the only thing you had to do when riding a horse was not to fall off. They told me it was easy. Well, it's not easy. It's not easy at all. And I'll tell you why. It's not easy because you have to do a lot of other things as well as not fall off.

You have to sit up straight (without being stiff) and not look so unhappy. You have to keep contact with the horse's mouth all the time. You have to keep your elbows in, your hands down, your knees in and your heels down. You have to keep yourself from feeling ill if you can. You have to control your horse

and let him see that you'll stand no nonsense. You have to keep yourself from jumping off and running away like a lunatic. You have to keep remembering to use the right rein and the left leg when you want to turn to the right and the left rein and the right leg when you want to turn to the left.

When you reach the stage of breaking into a trot, you have to learn to rise in time with the movement of the horse. If you have a sense of rhythm and do any dancing at all, this couldn't be too difficult.

You are now an accomplished trotter and should be in a position to change the diagonal, if you fell so inclined. Changing the diagonal means making him lead with a different fore. One fore is called near and the other is off. Near what and off what I know not. It is very difficult to know which fore he is leading with but there are people who can tell without looking down to see.

Well, now I think you should be able to canter. There's nothing to cantering. Nothing at all. You just shorten the reins and away he goes.

Isn't it nice? What about a gallop? Oh, come on. It's great fun. You'll never enjoy a ride till you really get your horse going. Don't be so timid and don't let him be so lazy. That horse is cute. All horses are. They know the kind of riders they've got on their backs. Give him a touch of the stick if he won't respond. (Wait till he does respond. You'll eat that stick).

I'm sorry I'm writing this. It's awfully hard to write standing up. I'm glad that it is physically impossible for a horse to leer. No doubt there is a world of contempt behind those inscrutable features.

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A FELLER WITH AN UMBRELLA

AS usual I was the last to get out of the carriage. The big man in the black hat got out just before me.

Then I noticed the umbrella swinging from the rack in the corner where he had been sitting.

I grabbed it and shouted "Hi!" as I jumped out on to the platform. But he was pounding ahead with the relentless energy of a Derby winner.

I could see his black hat bobbing up and down like a cork on a turbulent torrent of hats and heads and I kept my eyes glued to it as the human crocodile moved slowly and solidly towards the ticket barrier.

Shouting "Hi!" again, I tried to push through the crowd. The woman in front turned and gave me a glance that looked as if it had been in a refrigerator all night.

"There's no need to push," she said. "We're all in a hurry, you know."

At last I was through the barrier. The man in the black hat was about twenty yards in front.

I spurred after him, dodging and turning through the crowd like a high-priced centre-forward.

I was just in time to see my quarry get on to a Number 25 bus. It started to move and I dashed after it.

I could see the man in the black hat taking his seat on the bottom deck. "On top only, mate," said the conductor.

So on top I went. Then at every stop I had to lean across the man next to me to look down and see if my chap got off.

Suddenly he swore and put a hand gingerly in his pocket. Giving me a ferocious look, he snarled:

"I thought so, you clumsy idiot. I had some eggs in there. They're just an omelette now. It'll cost you three bob."

I apologised and gave him the money.

Then I saw the man in the black hat alighting at Bond Street. I jumped off and chased after him along Piccadilly, shouting "Hi!"

He looked round irritably. I caught up with him and held out the umbrella. "Here you are," I panted. "You left this in the train."

He glared at it. "Don't be silly," he said. "It's not mine — I never use the beastly things."

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB 1949

DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

SEPTEMBER.

Tattersall's Club	Sat.	10
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	24
(At Rosehill)		

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	1
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	3
Australian Jockey Club	Wed.	5
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	8
City Tattersall's Club	Sat.	15
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	29
(At Moorefield)		

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	12
(At Randwick)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	19
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)		

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	3
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	10
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club	Tues.	27
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	31
(At Randwick)		

OUT ON A LIMB

A BANKER with wide experience in pulling firms out of the difficulties during the late deflation says that his best aid was a certain story. Whenever he said a thing must be done, and the owners said they couldn't do it, the banker would relate:

"A man was telling his son a bedtime story about an alligator. It was creeping up behind a turtle with its mouth wide open. Finally it was within reach, but just as its great jaws were snapping shut, the turtle made a spring, ran up a tree, and escaped.

"'Why, Father,' said the boy, 'how could a turtle climb a tree?'

"'By gosh,' replied the father, 'he had to.' —George H. Gabler."

THOUGHTS

DOING business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but no one else does.

—Edward L. Renno.

* * *

The fond mother showing off her teen-age daughter, suggested brightly: "Say something in algebra for Mrs. Smith, darling."

—Hele M. Rose.

* * *

When the white men discovered America, the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work. And the white men thought they could improve on a system like that!

—The Scandal Sheet."

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